

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Heavenly Divine (Remix)"

*[Ikron the Hologram:]*

Another sacrificial lamb, that died at the hands of Hologram  
Send him into the dungeon and bludgeon his fuckin' clan  
Holy lamb, Who spit the live shit  
The do or die, Illadelph, Both Jedi Mind shit  
The hot shit, live raps crack your jaw  
Like who's the avenger, and who's at the center of war?  
I left a scar, so your crabs would overstand  
Mental will dent you and send you to a holy land  
Lawnmower man, sharp blades slash your vitals  
Recitals will fight you and entice you to burn bibles  
Homicidal, A Hologram burn churches  
Murders by stickin' a crucifix through your cervix  
Divine purpose, for the Remy that's in my thermos  
Greatest evils stick you with needles that's hypodermic  
You heard the verdict, I'm with Allah cause he chose me  
Broke into the Vatican, strangled the Pope with his rosary

I have heard music in the silentness of duty  
Found peace where shell-storms spouted reddest spate  
Nevertheless, except you share  
With them in hell the sorrowful dark of hell  
Whose world is but the trembling of a flare  
And heaven but as the highway for a shell

*[Just Allah:]*

MC's face terror wherever my sound's audible  
Man from third world portals, battle mortals, and slaughter you  
Seen inside the visions of beyond  
The dwellings of the Om, existin' in Islamic panteón

Flows drop degrees all my clothes got the scent of trees  
I lay back and blow sax like Kenny G's  
Power blast, wack on my path, devour fast  
I leave you with the grain of sand in life's hourglass  
Devise a spell, make demons rise out of hell  
Grab you by your lapels and rob you of your outer shell  
You feel the ill dire, messiah in hellfire  
I launch writers, put your jaw in a gauze wire  
Jedi swordsman, give rappers a foul fortune  
With science to contortion your body into a coffin  
Insane damage is done, you fuckin' with the army  
We beat your skull into the shape of a wet bag of laundry  
Mother(fucker)

My soul looked down from a vague height with Death  
As unremembering how I rose or why

Then, unmoved, signals nodded, and a lamp  
Winked to the guard

*[Ikon the Hologram (Jus Allah):]*

Yo, the gods are rhymin, they're dramatizin'  
(You feel the poetic blow of the titans)  
We like a fuckin' bolt of lightrnin'  
(The three wise men), we at levels that defies men  
(Watch out for fake heads, devil disguised men)  
Arriving from the dawn we spawned with ill forms  
(That'll leave you layin' dead in the womb like stillborns)  
The mass'll here it, (The ominous, The Master Spirit)  
Can't understand the language of rappers with bad lyrics  
(Ikon the python), rappers are left strangled  
(I overlook the Earth 'cause I see it from sun's angle)  
Above the clouds, (We sit high and we daze)  
(Write a page, on how you enslaved to worldly ways)  
Islamic marksmen, (Seein' the squadron)  
Could be your fatal mistake  
(Like the first sins of Adam in the garden)  
You feel sorrow, I'm projected as God Apollo  
(Explore rhymes, where you're left too confused to follow)  
Invite your town, to absorb the sniper rounds  
(Illadelph, Shamballah, nigga)  
Stayin' underground, What!

There lurk no claws behind his fingers supple  
And God will grow no talons at his heels  
Nor antlers through the thickness of his curls